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ACROSS THE COLUMBIA

CONVICTS NOW REACH WASHINGTON.

Drive From Near New Era—Steal Team and Wagon to Expedite Escape—Rifles Intimidate Boatmen.

Vancouver, Wash., June 15.—Adding the theft of another team to their already long list of crimes, Tracy and Merrill, the desperate outlaws, between Friday evening and tonight made their way through Clackamas county, across Multnomah from the Clackamas line to a point opposite Fisher's landing, crossed the Columbia, and now, just a week from the time of their escape from the penitentiary at Salem, are in the neighborhood of Fourth Plain, Washington county, with another posse on their track, another sheriff in charge of it, and three detectives from Portland as reinforcements. As it was in the beginning, it is now; they will either be captured or killed, or make their escape. Merrill is now on ground with which he is thoroughly familiar, having been born in Clark county and brought up in Cowlitz, and is thus better situated than while in Oregon. The country is much the same, formed of low-lying hills, cut by ravines, and overgrown with underbrush and scrub firs which afford the best kind of cover. As the men are armed with 30-50 rifles and have an abundance of ammunition, it does not seem likely that the desire to capture them will burn any more fiercely in the breasts of their new set of pursuers than it did in those of the posse that laid down its arms and gave up the fight at Barlow Friday afternoon.

From all the circumstances in the case it seems that Tracy and Merrill have been going pretty much their own gait, irrespective of those who come after them. Supplied with bacon at Graves' ranch Thursday, they were able to proceed without the necessity of revealing their whereabouts, and there was plenty of cover in the brush between Graves' and the Willamette, for which it is now clear they were heading. About midnight Saturday two horses were taken from the barn of W. Randall, a mile and a half east of New Era and five miles above Oregon City, hitched to a wagon and driven away. There is no proof that Tracy and Merrill stole them, and the authorities are not likely to accumulate any, for the convicts have several things to answer for which are more serious than horse stealing. Randall traced the team to mount Pleasant, just south of Oregon City, lost the track and found it again, below the city, through which the outlaws had evidently driven without worrying much about pursuers. The track led across the unguarded Clackamas bridge at Gladstone, where it turned off on the road to Portland. Randall returned to Oregon City for Sheriff Cooke, who telegraphed to Salem for the bloodhounds and started for Portland forthwith.

That was clue No. 1. The second was not delayed. George Sunderland and Walter Burlingame were enjoying a quiet boat ride on the placid waters of Columbia Slough about 12:30 o'clock this afternoon when two gentlemen appeared upon the bank, pointed rifles at them and asked them to come ashore. They had been on the slough about long enough, so they complied, and so grateful were they to their newfound friends for asking them ashore that when the latter called for food it was cheerfully given.

The men with guns ate, and requested Burlingame and Sunderland to row them across the river. It was impossible to get from the Slough to the river in the boat, so the new arrivals suggested that another boat be found on the river shore, and that Burlingame and Sunderland should find it, meanwhile carrying about 30 pounds of ammunition which the visitors had with them in sacks. The suggestion seemed reasonable, and was adopted without argument. W. W. Paddock, a young man of the Sunderland-Burlingame party, was invited along by the footpads, and accepted the invitation.

DURBIN'S NARROW ESCAPE.
It had by this time begun to dawn

upon the young men who their new acquaintances were, and their suspicions were confirmed by the conversation of the men, who began to ask what had happened since the escape from the penitentiary. Tracy, sitting in one end of the boat and holding his rifle on his lap, was uncommunicative, but Merrill, perched in the other, and also ready to use his gun if it should be necessary, began to talk, and let drop several interesting bits of history.

He said among other things that when they lay in the wheat field near Gervais, they saw Sheriff Durbin drive up, and he (Merrill) drew a bead on him and was about to fire when Tracy discouraged him, arguing that such a course would precipitate a battle, and that a fight with the posse right then would prove disastrous. He also said he felt sure Farrell and Jones had been killed, but had been uncertain as to the fate of Tiffany, the guard they shot outside of the walls. They had all the money they needed, he said. Tracy then began to join in the conversation, and said: "I wasn't the least bit afraid of them—bloodhounds. We fooled them. We didn't intend to kill those guards. I told Jones not to move, but he began to make signals after he had his hands up. Those guards were fools to allow us up that ladder and skin over the wall (at the penitentiary). We've got about all the money we need, and plenty of ammunition." Tracy and Merrill then spoke in an undertone and argued about the direction they ought to take after reaching the shore. Tracy favored the North Yakima country, but his companion seemed dubious.

Facing the rower of the boat, Merrill said: "We're not bad men, but we intend to get away, and if anybody stops us they are sure to get hurt. With us, it's a case of burn at the stake or get shot." On landing at the Lieser place, Merrill asked Sunderland for his pocket book. It was produced and examined, and then Merrill said: "You have a \$5 gold piece there I see, but I won't take it. I'll just take \$2. But I ain't a bad sort of fellow, and to show what I mean, I'll give you this Elks' badge that I got off a fellow the other day (Dr. White)." Sunderland accepted the badge. On leaving, Merrill and Tracy shook hands with their three ferryman and promised when they made a raise they would send them \$50 for their trouble.

Sitting on a fence a little way back from the shore the convicts watched the boatmen row out into the river for some distance, and then turning into a field crossed it and had dinner at a nearby ranch. They then disappeared in an orchard, heading northwest.

THE ALARM IS SPREAD.

The men in the boat rowed straight across the river, for they had heard that the rifles behind them carried a half mile. Once ashore, however, they hurried to the ferry landing opposite Vancouver and reached Vancouver in quick time. W. W. Paddock, after consultation with Sunderland, hastened to the police station in the city and told Chief of Police McLaughlin of his queer adventure with the outlaws. Paddock found the detectives arming for the fray, and in conversation with an Oregonian reporter said:

"I don't think that either Tracy or Merrill is wounded. Tracy had on a pair of blue overalls and a jumper."

The telephone wires had been kept busy, and Sheriff Marsh, of Clark county, Wash., and Constable Tomlinson began to get their shooting-irons in order. In this city Detective Joseph day, Kerrigan and Snow were ordered on the case, and before they left were joined by Sheriff Cooke, of Clackamas county, and Deputy Sheriff George McMillan, of Multnomah, and Fireman R. B. Castle and Emil Glutsch, both of Portland. Each man carried a repeating rifle. The party took trolley cars and ferry boat to Vancouver, where they were met by the chief of police of that town and a big crowd, who were impatiently waiting developments.

After a rapid consultation between the two sheriffs and the detectives it was determined to head off the convicts in their northward journey from Leiser's place, near Ellsworth. To do this it became necessary to make a detour of about seven miles.

"Head the convicts off. Stay in front of them. Meet them as they come on," was the gist of the detour on page 4

THE FUGITIVE IS FOUND

OFFICERS CAPTURE PAUL UNDERWOOD NEAR SOUTH BEND.

Says His Wife Knew About Doing Away of Infant—She Has Made Strong Denial—Within Ten Feet of Men Hunting Him Several Times.

South Bend, Wash., June 14.—Paul Underwood, accused of the murder of his three-weeks-old baby, was captured about 6:32 o'clock this morning near here. From the start the officers have been trailing him, Deputy Sheriff Markham, of this county, W. S. Kindred and G. L. Houk, all experienced woodsmen, keeping the trail, while the others sought to head the fugitive off by beating the woods ahead. As usual they started out at day-break this morning, and at the hour started Sheriff Cudihoe saw Underwood come down a hill, and the latter, evidently spying the officer, dropped into the tall grass on the tide land at the bottom of the hill, but gave himself up promptly when Cudihoe came up to him. He was apparently making his way to Cedar River, and had about half of his supply of provisions left when captured. He was placed in the custody of Sheriff Roney, of this county, in whose charge he was brought to this city. He was taken to a barber shop for a shave and then to the jail. His first wish was for a glass of beer, which was not gratified. He was not fully satisfied with his quarters, and sent word to Sheriff Cudihoe that he would like cleaner quarters.

Underwood talked quite freely when assured that he would be treated fairly. He said:

"My baby was ruptured and was dead when I threw it in the water. This is the honest God's truth. I had to take most of the care of the baby from the start, for I loved my baby, I confess, more than I did my wife. She did not seem to have so much love for it, as she thought it would disgrace her. I slept on my arm at night, and I had to wash and take care of it. It then took sick. I got some catnip tea, which did not seem to do it much good. It would nurse all the milk my wife had, and I would feed it more out of a cup, and then it would throw it all up. Mrs. Hetzler told me it might have the spring fever, and if it had it could not live. Friday night, before we left, it was the most ill. My wife wanted me to get rid of it. I told her we would sell everything and move to Aberdeen, where my mother would be glad to care for it. Her parents did not know then that she had a baby; but my mother did, and she told me to bring it home."

Underwood fairly raged when informed that his wife was reported to have expressed ignorance of how the child was made away with, and had laid the blame on him.

"She knows that is a lie," he said. "Why don't she tell the truth and be done with it. She wanted me to get rid of the baby, and I refused to do it. She said she did not want any babies, and I told her that it was no use for us to live together then. Why, she held one side of the sack when we dropped the baby into it with the rock, and then jolted the bag. She knew all about what I was going to do when I dropped the baby in the water. If I had wanted to drown the baby I would not have gone that long distance to do it. I could have done it at Ballard, when we were going to catch the street-car to take the train for Aberdeen."

"I was carrying the baby. It began to groan and then to cry. It had not slept well for two nights. I happened to have along a little bottle of chloroform I had bought for my wife to take during her illness, but Mrs. Hetzler said it was dangerous to use it unless a doctor was present, and I did not use it then. The baby needed sleep, and I put a few drops on my handkerchief and put it over the baby's face. It stopped crying. A little while afterward it groaned and seemed to be gasping. Then it became limber. It stopped breathing and began to grow cold. Oh, I loved my baby. Then I put my ear down to its breast and its heart had stopped beating. We put it into the sack and threw it into the water. We ought to have remained and given it a decent burial. This is the God's truth. I shall tell this story on the witness stand. It was a healthy baby, and with proper, intelligent care it would have lived."

Underwood was greatly agitated while telling his story. Speaking of his experience since he left Aberdeen, he said:

"I had no intention of running away, but I was not going to let that officer Murphy catch me. I had no use for him. He had a lot of trouble. I went out of the back door of the house as he came

in the front door. French Pete put me across the river from Aberdeen. I thought I would come down here until it blew over. Then when I got no further than the "Y" on the railroad track, I had half a notion to turn back and give myself up, but I wanted to leave the country, anyhow. I slept in Deming's shingle mill, near Ocoosa, that night. I there traded my shoes for an old pair of the night watchman's. What I was after was the shoes. I had on low patent leather shoes and they had cut my feet. You can see the blood on the heel of this shoe where it soaked through. I bought a cap at Westport, because my hat was not of much account. The next day I walked leisurely down the beach and over to Tokeland. They say I was armed. That is all nonsense. I did not even have a knife when I left home, and I left there a Smith & Wesson revolver. As luck would have it, I picked up an Italian's knife on the railroad track while walking to Ocoosa which a section hand had dropped or I would not have had anything to cut shavings with. I waited around Tokeland, expecting to see my father. But when I saw the Ocoosa constable I took to the woods. I thought I would stay in hiding until the thing had blown over, and then go to work oystering for Mr. Stewart at Tokeland, who had offered me a job. That same day I saw two men men with rifles hunting me, and if they had much sense they could have trailed me, as I had to jump back out of their sight, and I was close enough to them to hear what they said, though they talked in a whisper. An Indian was showing them my tracks. I never went far back into the woods. I was afraid to. Twice I got lost. Several times I was within ten feet of the men hunting me. I would have given myself up long ago, but I did not know the men, and I was afraid they would 'plug' me the moment they saw me. If I had seen Joe Graham the city marshal of Aberdeen, or Sheriff Cudihoe, I would have given myself up. Cudihoe is a friend of mine and would do anything for me he could. If I wanted to escape I would have taken one of the boats on the beach near Tokeland. I am a good boatman and am well acquainted with the country."

Underwood was searched by Sheriff Roney, but no arms were found on him. When asked how he had managed to husband his supply of provisions so well, still having about half of his grub with him when captured, he said that he had eaten Salmon berries as he walked along and had very little appetite, anyhow.

Waterbury, Conn., June 8.—John L. Sullivan's realism on the stage is responsible for the wreck of his "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company in this city. Sullivan as Simon Lagree, used his blacksnake whip in such a vivid manner that the negro actors under him rebelled. Sullivan says these colored men have no sense of true art in acting.

"The nearer you get to the real thing in acting the more of an artist you are," and he lashed the mock slaves on the stage till their backs were patchwork.

"Massa John, you're too pew'ful," said Uncle Tom in a rebellious stage whisper at the last performance, after Sullivan had lashed his back with more than usual vigor. The gallery gods yelled in delight, and John L. lashed some more. The result was a strike, a wrecked company, and a miscellaneous collection of stage settings loaded for shipment to New York. The freight was not paid and the railroad company dumped the scenery and trunks on the track and left them there.

The negroes carried off all they could, including souvenirs of some of John L.'s greatest battles and a \$75 dress belonging to Topsy, and pawned them about the town. Detectives were called to the pugilist's aid, and rounded up Uncle Tom, William Fairfax, William Camrel and George Harris, who are now locked up in this city. Sullivan will be asked to come to Waterbury to testify against them, and Downings, the proprietor of the show, will be asked to pay railroad fare for twenty stranded negroes who are not wanted in Waterbury.

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by Chamberlain & Wells.

A CRAZY NEGRO

BARRICADED IN HIS HOUSE HERE DEFIES THE AUTHORITY.

Armed With a Revolver, Held 30 Police at Bay—A Bloody Fight In a West Virginia Political Convention—Other News.

Philadelphia, June 13.—All day yesterday and until 1 o'clock this morning, George Sherman, a crazy negro, barricaded himself in his home, and, armed with a revolver and a shotgun, held 30 police at bay. After he had fired nearly 100 bullets, the police, aided by an equal number of citizens, broke into the room and captured the maniac.

Port de France, June 13. Yesterday was the day set down in the minds of the natives for the total destruction of Martinique. There was great anxiety, and thousands of eyes were turned towards Pelee, expecting a fatal blast. There was no disturbance and this morning the excitement calmed down. Merchants who fled are returning and reopening their stores.

Welch, W. Va., June 7.—Bullets, clubs and knives figured extensively in a republican senatorial convention held here today. Col. J. M. Fuller is lying critically injured at a hotel, and a dozen other persons have injuries of a less serious nature.

Col. J. L. Caldwell is a candidate for United States senator, and N. B. Scott is seeking re-election. Each wished to secure a candidate for the state senate favorable to his candidacy. The convention soon split and two chairmen mounted the same stand and began holding separate conventions. It was not long until a general fight broke out.

Col. Fuller, chairman of the Caldwell forces, was knocked in the head with a revolver and was knocked unconscious. His skull is believed to be fractured. Fighting was then fast and furious. Several pistol shots rang out. In a rush for the door many visitors were trampled under foot. The Caldwell forces were finally forced to the rear of the room, but they remained until they named Col. Bob Cline, of Wyoming, for state senate. The Scott followers named B. Randolph Bias, of Mingo.

Seattle, June 8.—After almost incredible perils and hardships, L. L. Bales, the famous Alaska guide, arrived here last night from Nome. He states that Frank Grimm and Leads Mason, while trapping on the Engatolik this winter, found a cabin with nothing in it except half a blanket. Close by they found the body of a man; a quarter of a mile distant they came across the bodies of two other men. All had been murdered.

Indianapolis, June 12.—The arrest of Tyler Crothers at Noblesville develops the fact that Lucius Stroum, a wealthy farmer of Hamilton county, was buncoed out of \$31,000 a few days ago. It appears that Crothers entered a running race, on which Stout won a few dollars, and the two agreed to make a fake race with a man from Springfield, Ill. Crothers said if Stout would bet his money on the Springfield man he would allow the latter to win the race, and Stout the money. Stout secured \$31,000 by mortgaging his farm. The race was started all right, but Crothers won it. Stout charges that he was the victim of a conspiracy.

Topeka, June 7.—The validity of the Farrelly Anti-Trust law was upheld today in a decision by the state supreme court, in the case of E. J. Smiley, secretary of the Kansas Grain Dealers Association. Smiley was arrested for violating the law, was convicted, fined \$500 and given a jail sentence.

Filthy Temples in India.

Sacred cows often defile Indian temples, but worse yet is a body that's polluted by constipation. Don't permit it. Cleanse your system with Dr. King's New Life Pills and avoid untold misery. They give lively livers, active bowels, good digestion, fine appetite. Only 25c at Gram & Wortham's drug store.